

Could Be Wrong

Fickle Friends

Paint our days, it's my way of getting by
Write all over the years I've lost

Oh, I just can't get in
Oh, I don't have a key
So won't you make a copy for me
Wherever you've been
You're not telling me
So won't you make it up to me?

Wouldn't wait, I'm afraid
All you want is your own way
Hey, hey, I could be wrong
Hey, hey, I could be wrong
Lay in late, lie with me
I know what I'd rather be
Hey, hey, I could be wrong

Saved your weekends, we never made plans
Did I show you just who I am?

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